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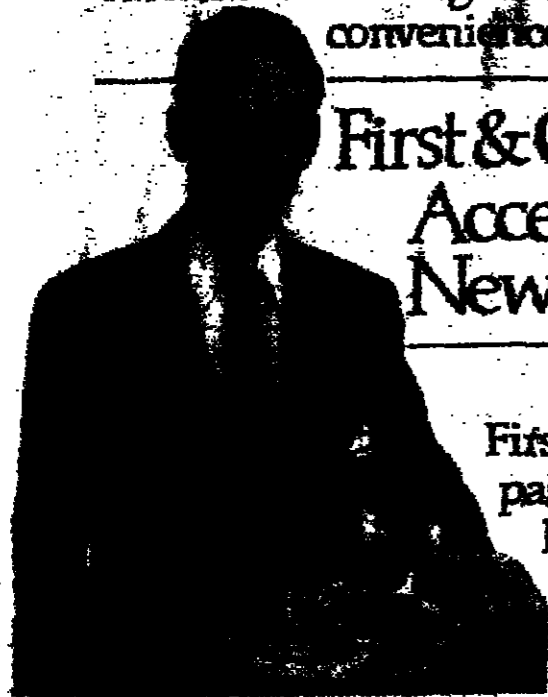
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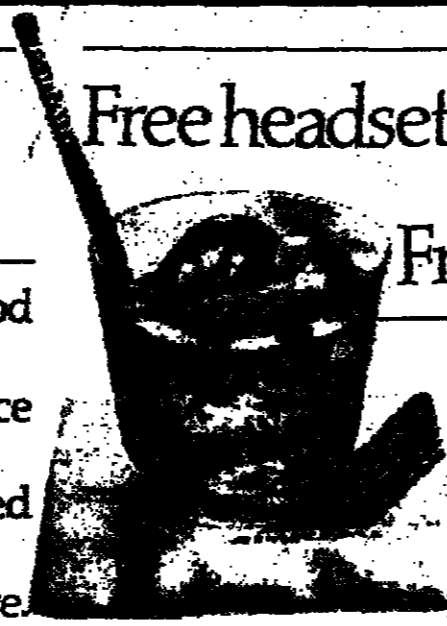
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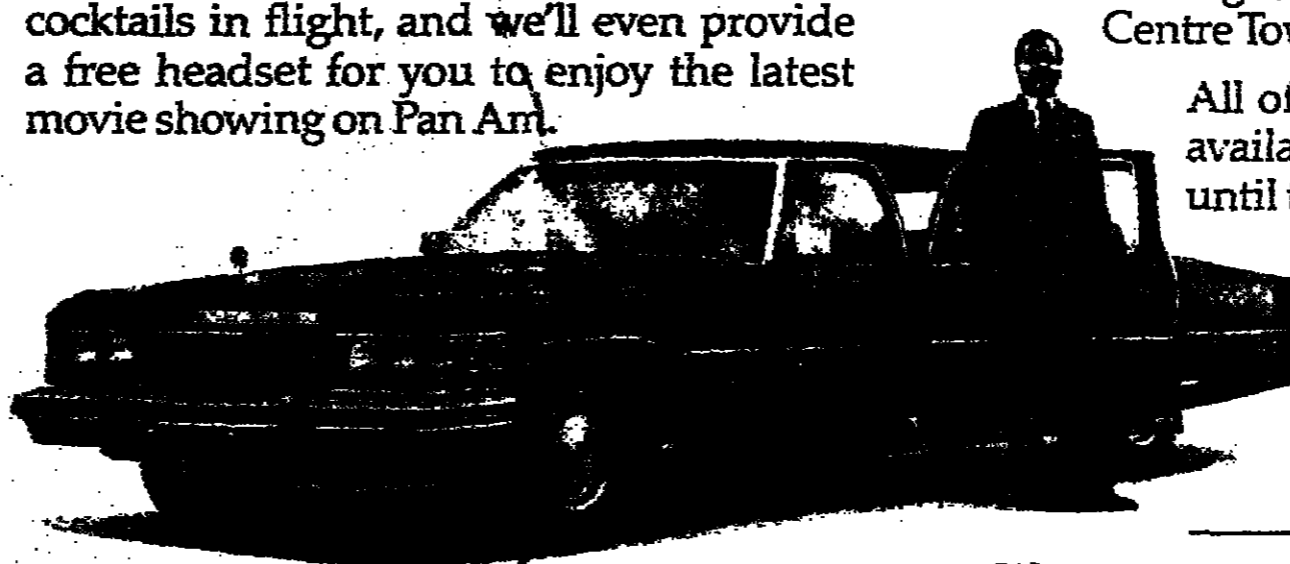
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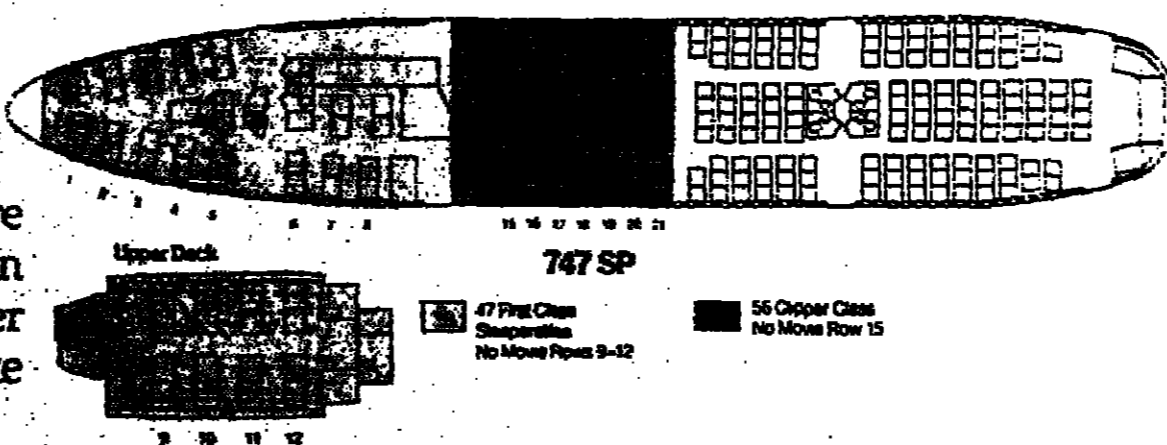
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On Yorkshire's famous moorland, Anne Haigh (left) is a member of a band of amateur archaeologists

whose findings may rewrite the history of Europe's Bronze Age

Stones that speak on Ilkley Moor

By Stan Abbott

For eight years Anne Haigh has meticulously scoured the 150,000 wild, wet, windy acres that are Ilkley Moor in search of the curious cup-and-ring marked stones that litter this peat and heather wasteland in West Yorkshire.

Her efforts — and those of her fellow members of the Ilkley Archaeological Group, who have invested an estimated 25,000 man-hours in their fieldwork and twice as long again cataloguing the results — seem almost insignificant in comparison with the three and a half thousand years the mysterious stones have guarded their secrets. Yet suddenly, in the space of a few weeks, the dream of every amateur archaeologist has come true for the Ilkley group as their work has suddenly acquired a significance that could ultimately require the rewriting of the prehistory not just of Britain, but of the whole of Europe.

The recent frenzy began when the group managed to persuade some of Europe's leading authorities on prehistoric rock art to visit the moor — visits that opened the door to sort of backing required to mount a full-scale exploratory excavation. That dig, carried out in the winter's most atrocious weather and against a deadline imposed by the start of the grouse breeding season, will, it is hoped, yield the dating evidence to back up the group's contention: that the cup-and-ring stones, cairnfields, enclosures and

evidence of hut circles on the moor belong not to the Iron Age (about 600BC) as originally thought but to a much earlier Bronze Age.

Soil samples now with Leeds University Plant Sciences Department may provide evidence from pollen and carbon-14 dating that the settlement originated in about 1800-1400BC. While both settlement evidence and cup-and-ring stones are found in highland Britain from Dartmoor to the Shetlands, nowhere else is the evidence linking the two so strong as at Ilkley.

"If we are right, this really advances the knowledge of Bronze Age mixed-economy highland landscapes and it does so in an area that has been previously written off by British archaeology," Bill Godfrey declares.

While Mrs Haigh, aged 69, the widow of a medical missionary, has painstakingly recorded the details of 260 cup-and-ring stones, more than half of them previously unknown, Mr Godfrey, a 49-year-old charge nurse, has been the group's "cairnfield man".

The contention is that while the highlands may have developed more slowly than areas like the Thames Valley and the Downs, they nevertheless enjoyed their own Bronze Age, which may well have endured in pockets until the arrival of the Romans, sharing cultural links with places as far away as Scandinavia and northern Italy.

"If you look at the average textbook distribution map of prehistoric Britain you find the highland areas are rather sparse," Godfrey says. "We believe this skew in the distribution maps is largely due to the fact that people haven't been prepared to slog it out in the snowstorms to find the evidence. It's been more fruitful for all these lovely professors in London and Oxford to 'do' the rolling downs."

The Ilkley group's work had its beginning in adult education classes in 1975 and over the next few years the members set about training themselves in the skills of archaeology, such as fieldwork and surveying.

"At the end of the first four or five years' work, in about 1980," Godfrey continued, "we were aware that we needed to test our ideas further. Over the last two to two and a half years we had been pushing to get some exploratory excavation work under way."

By the start of this year, that had led to West Yorkshire County Council agreeing in principle to release two staff from its archaeological unit for a short time and to the landowner, Major John Ingham, allowing the chosen site, a cairn selected because of its previously undisturbed appearance, to be excavated.

But it took visits from such distinguished prehistorians as Dr Andrew Fleming of Sheffield University, Peter Fowler, secretary of the Royal Commission on Historic Monuments and President of the Council of British Archaeology, and Professor Emmanuel Anati of the University of Lecca in southern Italy to spur the council's decision to allow work to start.

Bill Godfrey admits that persuading Professor Anati, among the world's leading authorities on prehistoric art, was the result of rather a cheeky approach to him during a conference on British prehistoric rock carving at Glasgow University last month.

On the Monday following the conference Professor Anati was due to fly home via London, but the group managed to persuade him it was worth his while breaking his journey at Ilkley. They duly rebooked his flight via Leeds/Bradford airport, whose approach path passes over Ilkley Moor, to allow a four-hour visit to the site.

"Professor Anati wasn't quite sure at first why we had dragged him all the way across the moorland," Godfrey relates, "but he became more and more excited at what he saw."

Most significant was the striking similarity between the cup-and-ring marked stones found in Lombardy and Scandinavia and those on Ilkley Moor, chiefly the elaborately carved Swastika

Stone, on which the rings round the cup form a swastika shape — virtually identical with the carvings Professor Anati had dated at around 700-1000BC.

The precise raison d'être of the cup-and-ring stones remains, to say the least, a matter for speculation: no fewer than 123 different theories have been officially advanced, covering just about everything from sacrificial altars to star charts to maps of the alder bush scrubland thought to have covered Ilkley Moor at the time.

A generally accepted theory is that Ilkley Moor in those days was — by contrast with the cautionary words in the popular Yorkshire anthem — a place where one could safely venture "bah'at" (without a hat), being some 4-5 degrees F warmer, and this has inevitably given rise to speculation as to what might have sustained the upland settlements.

"This would have made summer-time habitation of the moor very much more pleasant — quite nice, in fact," Godfrey suggests. "We believe that what we see on the moor is a mixture of summer pastoral settlement plus some kind of socio-religious/religious use of the area."

He hopes the excavation might provide immediate strong indicators, proved ill-founded and it will be some

weeks before soil analyses are complete. In any event, the development of the highland settlements chiefly found also in Dartmoor, the Peak District, North York moors, Northumberland, Galloway, along the Great Glen, Orkney, Shetland, south west Ireland and Brittany, seems to have taken a substantially different course from those in the lowlands.

"The inter-relationship between them is something we just don't know the answer to yet," Godfrey says. But the arrival of "quite large quantities" of worked flint in the highland areas where the stone does not occur actually points to a fairly active trade — possibly involving hides and pelts — which evidence suggests was also carried out over long distances, where valuable items like Whitby jet and Scandinavian amber were involved.

Bill Godfrey believes the Ilkley Moor findings also serve as a valuable lesson for groups of enthusiastic amateurs up and down the country: "A lot of people wander around the countryside making their observations, doing a little bit here and there. They never get their information together and never consider it should be published. We started out not really knowing where we were going. It's only through persevering and researching that we have come to realise that the professionals aren't as far away from us as we thought they were."



Bill Gregory draws up a grid of an uncovered cairn: "People haven't been prepared to slog it out in the snowstorms to find the evidence."

It is easy to sneer at romantic fiction. Its image is both saccharine and cynical, the heroine disappearing into the reddening sunset wrapped in a very carefully designed cloak of glamour. But a 49-year-old Yorkshirewoman, Barbara Taylor Bradford, has quietly raised it to a very commercial art.

Not only has her first novel, *A Woman of Substance*, sold more than seven million copies since it was published in 1979, but her three English-language publishers are so confident of her success that they have agreed to pay her more than \$8m for her next three novels, among the highest advances every paid to a novelist. In the past year she has become one of the three highest-earning novelists in the world.

The first of the new trio novels, *Voice of the Heart*, has just been published in Britain and America. To capitalise on their film investment, Mrs Bradford's English publishers, Granada, have taken the rare step of mounting a television advertising campaign to support the book.

In addition to the £1.5m she has already earned from her first book, Mrs Bradford's American agent, Morton Janklow, who also represents Judith Krantz and Shirley Conran, expects to deliver her royalty cheques amounting to £1m a year for the next five years. Barbara Taylor Bradford, who was born plain Barbara Taylor in Leeds, has become a bigger earner in fiction than Cartland or Le Carre, Puzo or even James Clavell.

"I didn't ever think about being successful," she says. "I just knew that it was what I wanted to do. I don't really think about the large royalty cheques coming in every six months or so. I've always had quite a good standard of living and it hasn't made all that much difference."

A smallish blonde woman, given to discreet jewelry and plain silk blouses, she con-

tinues: "I bought some English antiques and paid too much for them because I bought them in New York, but the rest is simply invested carefully. I already had two fur coats, and I didn't want any more. How many fur coats can you wear at one time?"

The only child of an engineer and a determined mother, she married the American film producer Bob Bradford in 1963 and moved with him to New York. She has only returned to



Emotions, says the novelist, speak louder than biology

England since to see her parents, who lived in Yorkshire until their deaths two years ago. Although her first novel was the story of a Yorkshire girl who struggled to become a successful businesswoman and succeeded, she denies it is autobiographical. "I don't think I'm writing about myself particularly. I am just trying to tell a story."

She mentions that her mother's last words to her were: "I don't want you worrying about

me — you must finish *Voice of the Heart*." She finished it, she says, to keep grief at bay.

"When I was a child my mother encouraged me to read. I didn't have many friends, so I used to read. I'd read almost all of Dickens by the time I was 12. I didn't understand it, but I read it."

In fact she sold her first story when she was 12. "A magazine sent me a cheque for 10 shillings and sixpence and I knew I didn't want to do anything else." She ignored her parent's advice to go to Leeds University, and joined the *Yorkshire Evening Post* as a typist. At 16 she was a trainee reporter, and at 18 in charge of the women's page.

Within two years she was in London, first as fashion editor of the magazine *Woman's Own*, and then as a reporter on the *London Evening News*. After her marriage she continued to work as a journalist, specializing in design — "but all the time I was thinking about novels and writing bits of them. I must have done at least three." Finally in 1976, at the age of 43, she started work on *A Woman of Substance* and she has never looked back. Even *The New York Times* called it "extraordinary and absorbing".

It is already being made into a television series, by the same American company that persuaded the late Ingrid Bergman to portray Mrs Golda Meir — "they have a good record of doing things tastefully, and I had turned down all sorts of other approaches to do it." Negotiations are already under way to make another series of the new novel.

"The reason I am successful, I think," she says, "is that I write about emotion and feelings, which people are fascinated by. I don't write about sex very much. I'm not interested in biological details. Everyone knows what you do in bed."

Geoffrey Wansell

Without the boundaries of good taste



MOREOVER... Miles Kington

A passing fuss was caused the other day by a new book of riddles edited by Kevin Crossley-Holland, which contained two jokes about Lord Mountbatten in the worst possible taste. Whenever I hear that something is in the worst possible taste, I immediately suspect that I am missing something funny, so I took steps to find out what the offending riddles were: imagine my chagrin when I found out that they were both quite familiar to me, having been told to me by my children over a year ago.

The only funny thing, in fact, was the sight of grown-ups working themselves into a lather of indignation over the juvenile sense of humour. Children love black humour — in my school days it was the newly imported sick jokes from America that were all the rage — and it is only when they mature that they become toffee-nosed and obsessed with good taste. In other words when they start denying the way people really think and talk.

Good taste breaks out all over the place. It broke out in Kilburn not so long ago when the council tried to outlaw the telling of Irish jokes, and were greeted by a storm of merriment from all right-minded Irishmen. I learnt all my best Irish jokes from a book published in Dublin, though of course they weren't jokes against Irishmen — they were jokes against the people of Kerry, who perform the same fictitious function there as Tasmanians do in Australia or Belgians in France.

And it broke out again last week when Tony Banks of the GLC tried to insist that the London Marathon could only take place if 20 or so disabled competitors were allowed to

wheelchair themselves in the race itself. Opponent Chris Brasher quite rightly pointed out that a running race is a running race, and that the last thing runners want is to find themselves falling over wheelchairs, though in the prevailing spirit of good taste, he had to put very tactfully the notion that people in wheelchairs, however worthy, were not runners in the true sense.

Now, it is one of the axioms of humour that the best jokes about minorities usually come from the minorities themselves. The funniest Catholic jokes I know were told me by Catholics. I remember with great pleasure George Shearing, the blind pianist, telling Roy Plomley on Desert Island Discs of his stint in an all-blind orchestra and of the night, just before curtain up, when one of the saxophonists yelled: "Stop! I've lost my glass eye!" If you've never seen 15 blind musicians on their hands and knees looking for a glass eye, said Shearing wryly, you haven't seen anything.

Another wonderful blind pianist, Eddie Thompson, once told me that one of the saddest moments of his life came when he achieved a great ambition, and got to drive a dogcart car at a funfair. No sooner had he started than the proprietor turned him off with the words: "I'm not having a blind man on my dogcarts; you might bump into somebody."

But the best of all blind jokes came from Stevie Wonder, the blind and black American singer/composer, who was once asked (or asked a million times, knowing interviewers) if blindness had hampered his career a great deal.

"Well, it might have been worse," said Wonder. "I could be black."

But when I heard of Tony Banks's good taste, I couldn't help thinking of Douglas Bader on the MacArthur Parkinson Show. It was a fairly mundane show, as I remember, but the light came into Bader's eyes when they started on sport for disabled people.

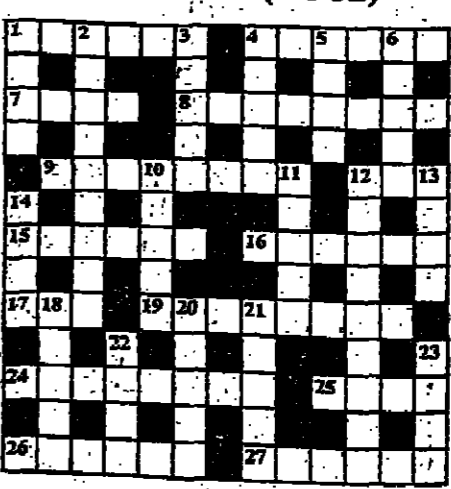
"You haven't seen sport at its most furious till you've seen wheelchair basketball," he said. "It's probably the most exciting game in the world. And the dirtiest. Their wheelchairs are pitted with dents and marks where they've run into each other at full speed in an attempt to commit mayhem. I saw a game in Canada recently which I still remember with awe because both sides had taken against the referee, whom they considered to be far below standard."

"And what happened?" said Parkinson. "They ran him over," said Bader promptly. "I wish I could remember with awe because both sides had taken against the referee, whom they considered to be far below standard."

"And I wish I could hear Mr Banks's reply."

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3 Type (4)
4 Quarrel (8)
5 Bedlam (8)
6 Bedlam dwellers (3)
7 Sheds skin (6)
8 Unkempt (8)
9 Seed (3)
10 News gatherer (8)
11 Nightclub act (3,5)
12 Choice (4)
13 Withdraw (5)
14 Disgraced (6)
DOWN
1 Other (4)
2 Fierce fish (9)
3 Zest (5)
4 Solicits (5)
5 Ear part (4)
6 Greek letter (3)
7 Walker (5)
8 Anaesthetic (5)
9 Attraction (9)
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Full telecommunication service to all rural areas in the island will be provided within the next three years.

The Authority keeps abreast with technical progress so that it can give to the general public a modern and efficient service.

CYPRUS

"The Turkish army may in years to come withdraw from northern Cyprus... but Rauf Denktaş's bluff little Ruritania in the north is going to survive in one form or another." So forecasts Robert Fisk in this Special Report which examines the prospects for a reunited island, and reports from either side of the so-called Attila Line.

There are times when the Greek Cypriots seem to live in a world of illusion. Fly into Larnaca on Cyprus Airways and you will find a map in the airline magazine which shows the historic sites of the island. Paphos is there, and Nicosia, and so too is Famagusta and Kyrenia. Only when you read the fine print, however, are you told that you cannot actually travel to Famagusta or Kyrenia or Bellapais or Salamis or anywhere else in the Turkish-held area north of the Attila line.

The illusion is fostered in other ways. All over the southern half of Cyprus, road signs point to places that you cannot travel to. In Nicosia, motorists are directed towards Famagusta or the mountain range north of the city despite the fact that for nine years the front lines of two large armies have cut the roads. The Cyprus telephone directory seems to have been produced in a world of make-believe. There are pages and pages of telephone numbers for Kyrenia, Famagusta and other towns in the Turkish-held part of the island. The Greek Cypriots listed in these pages fled - or were killed - almost a decade ago, but the directory still stubbornly insists that their phones are only "temporarily" out of order. After nine years, one has to ask when temporary becomes permanent.

The illusion is both brave and dangerous. That anyone can still believe the island will be reunited in the face of the world's disinterest is something of an achievement. But one day the Greek Cypriots are going to have to agree publicly - as many already do privately - that the Cyprus they once knew is not going to return. The Turkish Army may in years to come withdraw from northern Cyprus but the "Turkish Federated State" - Rauf Denktaş's bluff little Ruritania in the north - is going to survive in one form or another.

In a sense, the re-election of President Spyros Kyprianou in February was a mark of the growing sense of reality among Greek Cypriots. Kyprianou's efforts to solve the "Cyprus problem", to re-unify the island, had been lacklustre to say the least. The intercommunal talks held under the auspices of the United Nations had become little more than coffee-and-cake affairs. Kyprianou had promised to awake the world's conscience to the crisis on the island.

But the world grew tired and Kyprianou's two contenders for the presidency - the Rally Party's pro-Western Glafkos Clerides and the Socialist Party's Vassos Lyssarides - claimed that their efforts would have more effect on international opinion. The electorate none the less preferred the

hitherto ineffectual but more familiar path of Kyprianou who picked up more than 56 per cent of the vote. And he did so by encouraging the view that the United States had taken Turkey's side in the dispute.

It is a common refrain - perhaps not an unjustified one - but it symbolizes the inherent contradictions in Greek Cypriot politics. Kyprianou, who is scarcely renowned for any radical, leftist sympathies, is supported by the Communist Akel Party. Yet Cyprus is in no revolutionary ferment. Its economy is expanding - inflation is declining and the estimated expansion in the economy for 1983 is 4.5 per cent, almost double that of the previous year - and not one of the presidential candidates this year talked of social reform.

The geography of Larnaca, and Limassol is being transformed by the tourist industry. In the 14 months up to September last year, hotel capacity expanded by almost 25 per cent, and immigration queues at Larnaca Airport are now filled daily with hundreds of European tourists. Greek Cyprus is turning into another of those wealthy, slightly greedy Mediterranean sunspots. It can take three quarters of an hour to clear customs at Larnaca and the taxi drivers have begun to cheat again, just as they did

before the Turkish invasion of 1974. Good times breed bad habits.

Not the least of these is the sprawling, ugly development of the capital, where planners have made little or no attempt to preserve the character of what was an extremely attractive city. Not four years ago, for example, one of the most charming restaurants of Nicosia was Charlie's Bar, a traditional, baroque-style cafe in an old Ottoman villa near the city centre. One day, the patrons turned up to find bulldozers tearing down the building for an office block. Most of the restaurants in Nicosia now appear to be disinterested and hokey-tourist bars catering for the island's ubiquitous United Nations garrison.

What the Greek Cypriots never seem to consider is the effect that all this conspicuous wealth is likely to have on the possibility of reunifying Cyprus. True, the Turkish Federated State exists, albeit without international recognition. True, Rauf Denktaş insists on a constitution which gives Turkish Cypriots real security. He suggests that there are two choices: a bi-communal federal republic or two republics joined by a non-aggression pact. Yet the Greek Cypriots are transforming their society in such a way that the latter may become a social as well as a political necessity.

The Turkish Cypriots may survive on a combination of local industry, funds from Turkey and dubious trans-shipment deals, but there is no evidence that they covet the prosperity of southern Cyprus. Greek Cyprus is represented among the councils of the Third World although the Turkish half of the island is infinitely more Third World in character than the sleek administration in the south. And perhaps the Third World is beginning to realize this. At the non-aligned conference in New Delhi, delegates called for the "immediate withdrawal" of occupation forces from Cyprus whereas the earlier Havana summit had demanded their "immediate and unconditional withdrawal".

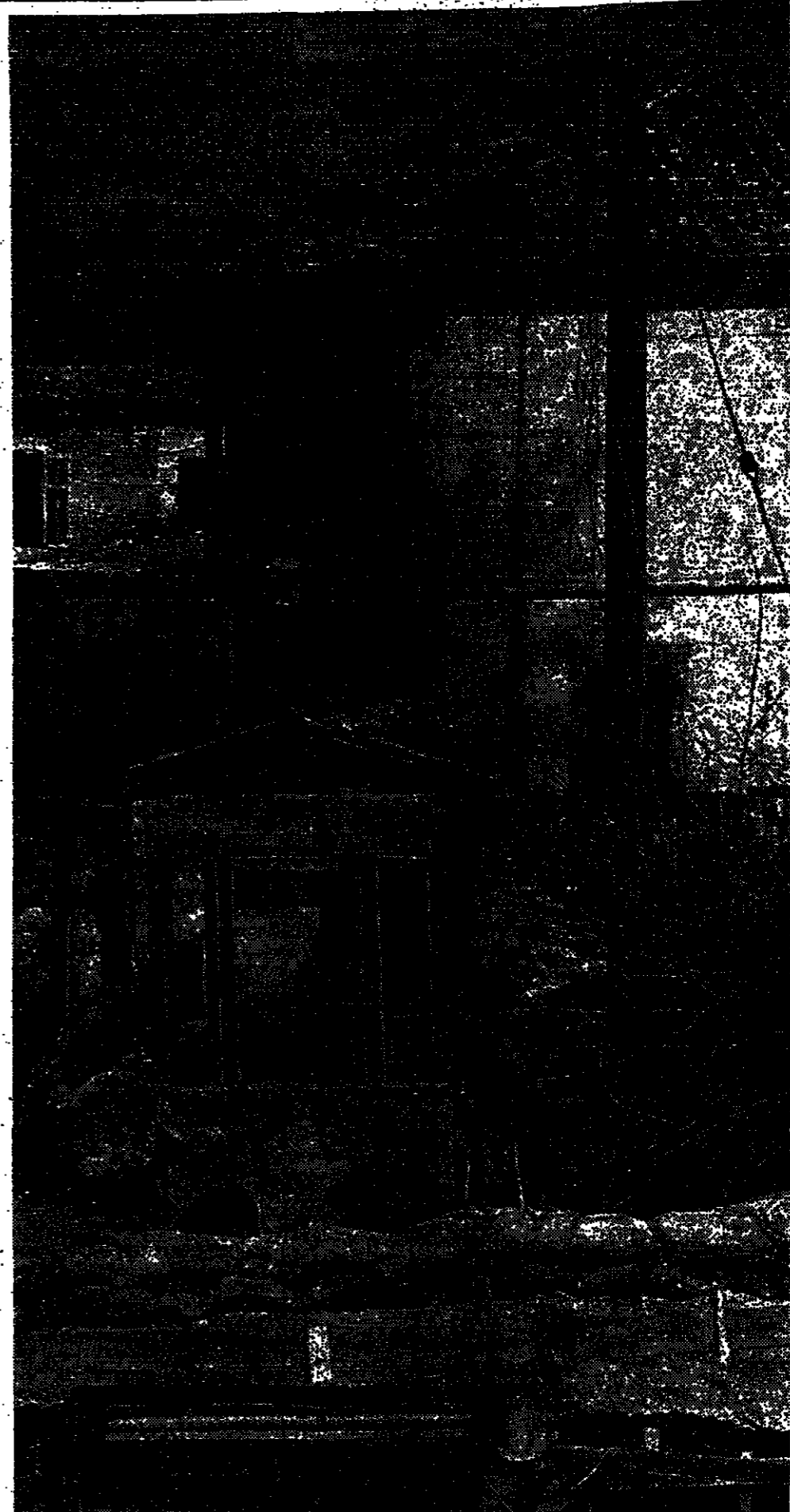
With the West ever more enamoured of General Evren's stern regime in Ankara and with Andreas Papandreu's increasingly socialist government in Athens, there appears little hope at present of any progress in the reunification of the island. There are those who believe that Britain, as a guarantor of Cyprus's sovereignty, should play some role in a new initiative. But Britain will first have to decide whether perhaps the Greek and Turkish Cypriots - despite the obligatory rhetoric of their leaders - are not now happier with the status quo.



President Spyros Kyprianou, the island's legal head of state.



Rauf Denktaş, the Turkish Cypriot leader, sees two choices - a bi-communal republic, or two republics joined by a non-aggression pact.



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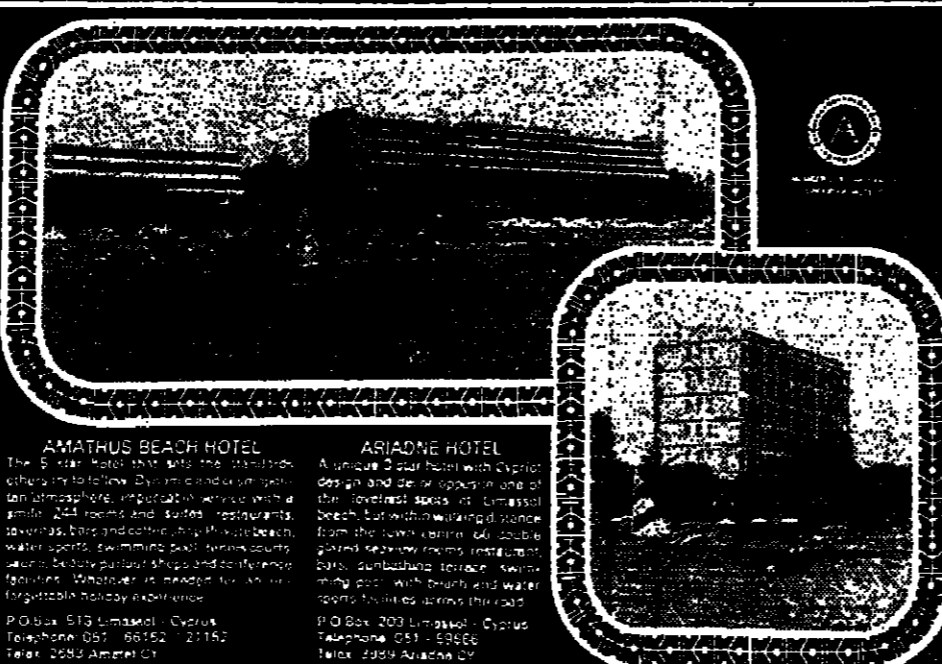
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